The Sketch

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ROSES FOR GENERAL MONTGOMERY.

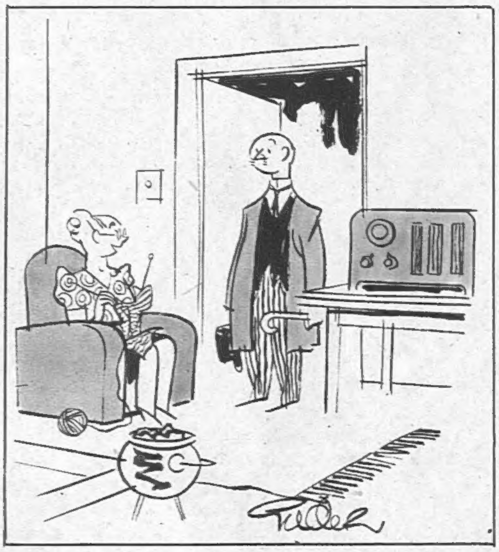
Three little French children of a local farm had a posy of roses ready waiting for General Montgomery when he came away from an Investiture held for officers and men of the Sixth Airborne Division in Normandy. As he thanked them for the flowers, the General gave them the ceremonious hand-shake for which they so solemnly and so obviously waited.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

From the Front of the Front.

No correspondence which reaches me gives me more pleasure than letters from the Forces, and if, as some of the Boys are kind enough to tell me, I occasionally give them a grin, or even a grunt, I permit myself the smug reflection that perhaps even bubble and froth may be appropriate on the big river of morale. This week I have received one letter which I am going to use as the text of a little sermon. It comes from Normandy and its first paragraph is as follows: "I was sent here two days ago and, to my delight, found that the previous tenant of this none too commodious hole had left behind him a copy of *The Sketch* dated June 28. This letter is not intended to be an advertisement for your journal, but the song of a joyful heart on finding printed matter for the first time since this party began. In the circumstances, therefore, I am sure you will understand me when I tell you that I would, up to the time of finding *The Sketch*, have given the Horn of Plenty itself in exchange for a battered copy of 'Peg's Paper.'"



"No, not much news, dear, except that under pressure of . . . would it be concentric thrusts ? . . . a salient, or beach-head, or something, has been established in the Carpathians, or Czechoslovakia, or somewhere. . . ."

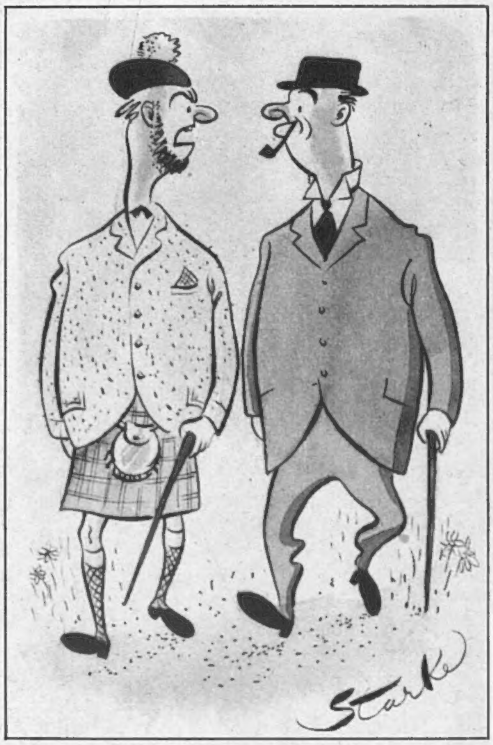
DRAWN BY ENDER.

Printed Matter.

I can quote this, I hope, without seeming to take undue unction either to *The Sketch* or to *Motley Notes*, because what the writer craves is simply *printed matter*, and we need not enter into questions (possibly controversial) of the relative merits of *Peg's Paper* and any of its rival contemporaries. Printed matter—that is what I want to impress upon you, gentle and generous reader; and when I say you, I mean *you*, in person. Send printed matter to the Chaps. If you are a subscriber to *Peg's Paper*, which, unfortunately, has never come my way, but I dare say it is very uplifting—well, send that. If you are a constant reader of *The Sketch*, as I trust you are, send that, whatever effort it costs you. I can well understand that, if you merely consulted your selfish interests, you would prefer to bind it—or, at all events, parts of it which I would rather not name—in red morocco and hand it down in the family as an heirloom. Conquer that natural but self-regarding instinct, and send it to the Front. The Chaps want printed matter and, in my opinion, if they can stand *Motley Notes* they can stand anything; so don't hesitate about *Peg's Paper*, *Tiddliwinks* or even the *Barmaid's Companion*, which, I am told, is a paper full of human interest.

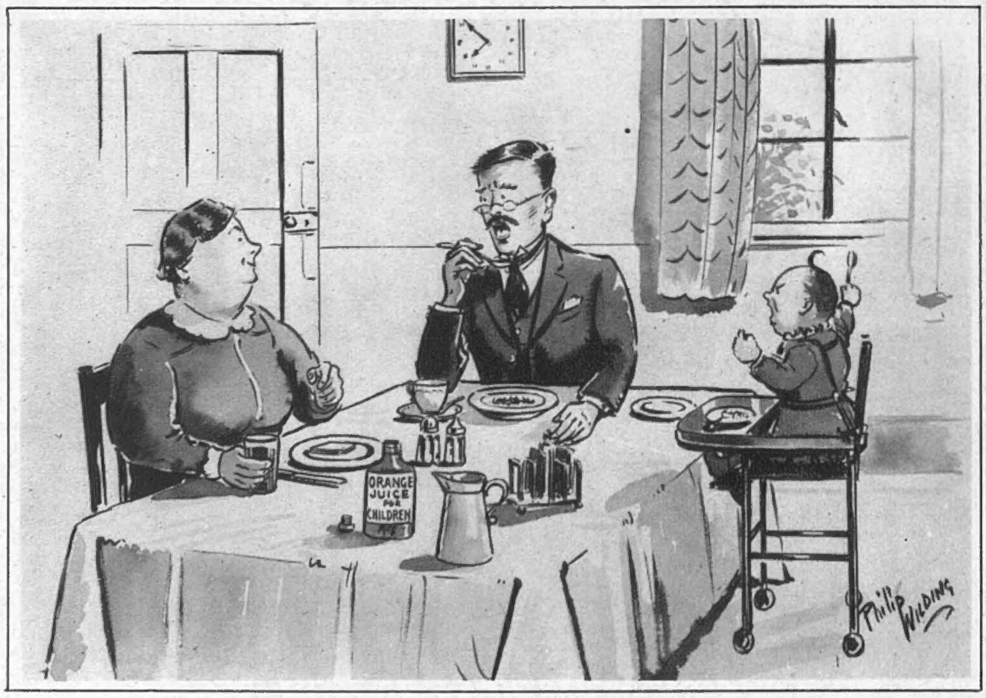
De Gustibus.

I am sorry to say that my correspondent proceeds to destroy some of my illusions, and reminds me that we old stagers really don't understand modern strategy. For example, it appears that the troops of to-day are really no better off on their dehydrated delicacies than we used to be on our Bully in its many permutations and combinations. This fastidious person even compares rehydrated-dehydrated stew to boiled wool, which he says (rather peevishly, I think) has never been a favourite of his. I would remind him, more in sorrow than in anger, that the unfortunate civilian population can only get wool on points, and even then so little of it that there is none to spare for boiling. There are children all over the country crying out for boiled wool for their dinners, but, short of tearing their jumpers to pieces, their sobbing mothers have to deny it to them; the nearest approach they can get to it is boiled cod, which is almost indistinguishable in taste and temporarily allays the wool-craving. Another complaint about concentrated stew, or textiles, is that when you have rehydrated it in a mess-tin, the mess-tin is invariably kicked over by a comrade.



"I hope you 're no' amusing yoursel' at my expense!"

DRAWN BY STARKE.



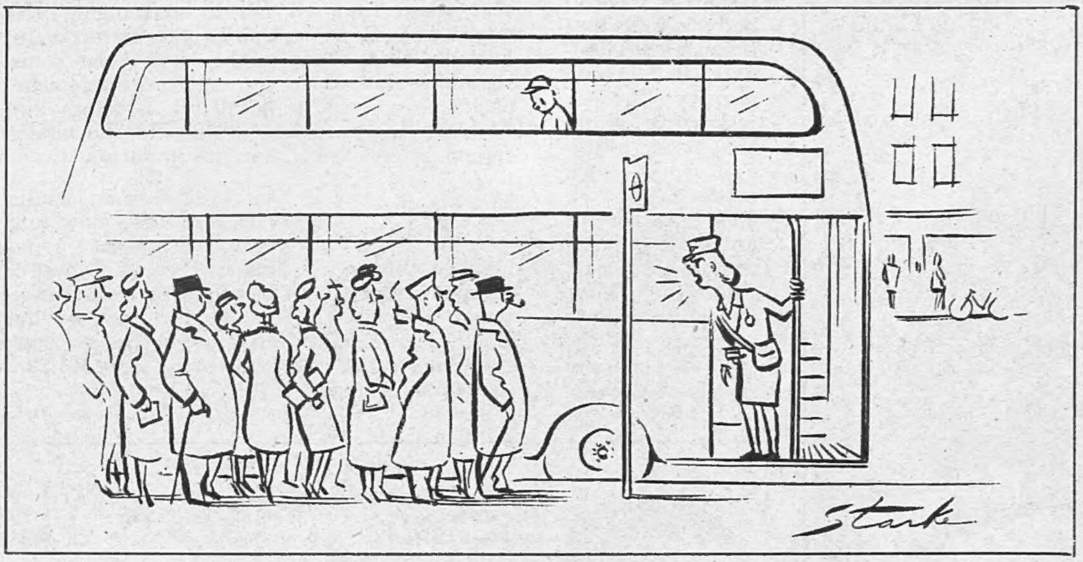
"I wonder more mothers don't get this orange juice for their children . . . it 's really *very* nice!"

DRAWN BY PHILIP WILDING.

Well, perhaps this is not such a different war after all; anyhow, I perceive that Tommy has lost none of his pristine skill in footwork.

An Officer and a Gentleman.

To revert from dehydrated matter to printed matter, I sometimes feel that one takes an awful responsibility in committing (if that is the right word) printed matter at all. The "repercussions"—*i.e.*, results, but the four syllables are so much nicer, or so I gather from my current reading—are sometimes surprising and embarrassing. A little while ago I yielded to a deep yearning and expressed envy of front-line troops who are all among the Camemberts, which I thought had disappeared from human ken. Now here is a kind officer, obviously possessing all those instincts which have made the British officer what he is, who goes to the trouble of sending me a real, live Camembert! (Please do not take the word "live" too literally.) It is not in my power to award this gallant officer the decoration which he manifestly deserves, but I doubt not that he will win it in the field. If my memory serves me, I did, on the same occasion, give vent to some soul-stirrings about Gorgonzola. Does *The Sketch* circulate widely on the Italian front? I was just wondering; I know that there are a lot of awfully nice, kind, handsome chaps out there. Merely a passing thought. Forget it.

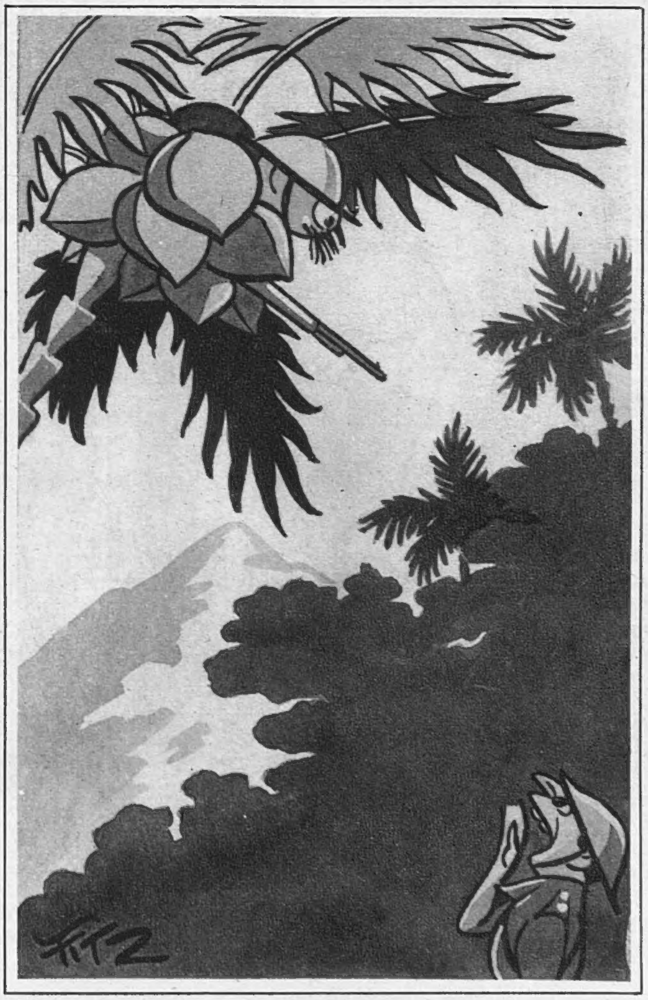


". . . and I suppose if I happened to be full up you 'd be fighting like wildcats to get on!"

DRAWN BY STARKE.

Toasted Trousers.

There was a time when we used to singe the Spaniard's beard. That was a pretty high-handed act, and is believed to have been rather resented at the time. One would have thought we had learned gentler manners; in his bright and endearing pictures of Spain, not even Mr. Ernest Hemingway, so far as I remember, refers to singeing anybody's blank beard. But this war is very brutal and sometimes very vulgar, and things have come to a pretty pass when the Führer himself gets his trousers singed. But he is doubtless in a position to command coupons (countersigned, though, by Goering or Goebbels) for a new pair. Possibly, however, not even an asbestos pair will prevent the feeling that he is sitting on something rather hot, which may be only *hors d'œuvre* to more permanent warming processes. We are all sorry to hear that he should have had his back hair disarranged, especially as we feel that a new style of *coiffure* might have been even more desirable in front than behind. He has got to do something about that forelock some time or other, and singeing seems to be as suitable a treatment as any, although I dare say Lord Vansittart would prefer scalping.



"Come down and shave, Sergeant, coconuts don't have moustaches!"

DRAWN BY FITZ.

"A Very Kind Man."

I referred to this war just now as brutal, but we must not press the term too far. It is well to recognise that those who sometimes seem to be harsh are only doing it for your own good, and that it hurts them more than you. For instance, we now learn what the hasty and superficial observer would never have guessed—that Himmler is "a very kind man." You have only to look at his face to see a sort of general benignancy shining from it. People who have compared his eyes to those of one of the lower animals have never looked deep into the eyes of that animal (which, unlike Dr. Ley, I would rather not mention) and observed the hidden reserves of good nature and warm fellowship. These so-called "hard" men are so much misjudged; Himmler might, with infinite regret, send thousands to death or torture, but you would never catch him beating his wife, and I dare say the little ones climb his knee for lollipops. But it is very difficult to convince people of these things, and I suspect that even the German people will be a little sceptical about them. Between ourselves, I doubt whether Adolf himself feels any too certain.

Dragging Them Up.

How little Himmler's true qualities are appreciated is shown by the fact that German mothers and nurses (it is reported), when they want to scare the young into righteousness, are in the habit of saying, "If you do that, Himmler will get you." This is an ancient and highly unscientific way of schooling infantile morals, and it reminds me of a lively controversy which has been going on in *The Times* about the upbringing and downbringing of our children. Some are for sending them to institutions where all the resources of science and psychology will be lavished upon them. Mr. Bernard Shaw—who, at the age of eighty-eight, still wields the wittiest pen in England—points to an instructive contrast. The children formerly reared in scientific incubators in Berlin, and protected from every possible danger to health and hardiness, died, he says, like flies. The urchins in Connemara, who grew up with, and like, the household pig, grew into robust young men and women. You need, says Mr. Shaw, some system in between the extremes of the incubator and the shanty.

[*Continued overleaf.*

SALVAGE ALL YOUR OLD LETTERS—FOR VICTORY

The Peck of Dirt. Well, with great respect to the Sage of Ayot St. Lawrence (who, I think, has never before appeared as an authority on child-welfare), any intelligent mother could have told him that, though she could not have told him in the same pungent terms. All intelligent parenthood consists on the one hand of protecting the child from perils which it cannot cope with, and, on the other hand, of training it to meet ordinary dangers in its own way and by its own resources. Everybody knows that if you try to eliminate all risks you simply "lower resistance," and the germ, physical or moral, makes hay of you. This passion for antisepsis in every aspect of life, from the cradle to the grave, is all part of the still wider and more consuming passion for "security" which I meet wherever I turn. Life has never been secure, never is and never will be, and we should all be jelly-fish if it were (not that the jelly-fish's life, I imagine, is more secure than any other creature's). This does not mean, of course, that the "peck of dirt" is the only or the best diet for the young, but I am reactionary enough to believe that it is just as essential an item as vitamin pills and grammes of calories.

"Did you hoot, or was that the 'All Clear'?"

DRAWN BY PITTS.

Bubble and Squeak. Having long since consumed the allotted peck, I do not ask (like poultry) for any grit in my food, though I occasionally get it. I crave something a little more sophisticated, and perhaps more than can be reasonably expected in time of war—namely, soda-water. Well, I can't have any, and that is that; but I have begun to wonder lately what has become of all the seltzogenes of yore? When I was a boy, every respectable household possessed a seltzogene; it stood on the sideboard, a massive, capacious and bulbous object, with a dignity of its own. You put some powders in the upper hemisphere, produced a sort of Seidlitz Powder effect, screwed it down, and the vast lower hemisphere of water became impregnated with gas. It was not very good soda-water by modern standards, but still it had a gentle sort of bubble in it. Somewhere or other there must be thousands of the discarded seltzogenes of yesteryear. Why doesn't somebody resurrect them? Or have they all been broken up? I, for one, would hail these genuine antiques with delight. But I suppose 'tis but an idle dream!

Happy Family. But we must learn, as patriotic citizens, to do without the more luxurious forms of water.

Let princes revel at the pump,
Kings at the tap make free,
Whisky and wine, and even beer
Are good enough for me.

But this evidently was not the view of the benevolent lady who left her house as a home of rest for vegetarians, teetotallers, pacifists and conscientious objectors. These people lead strenuous lives, and the benefactor very humanely considered that they needed a little rest now and then. The learned Judge, however, suggested that when they all fell to exchanging views, the atmosphere might not be as restful as the testatrix intended. Personally, I think that there might have been something resembling a shambles, for when you add vegetarianism and teetotalism to pacifism, you get a peculiarly ferocious and bloodthirsty type. Perhaps, therefore, the Judge did the kindest thing for all concerned by declaring that the intention was not charitable.

Monkey Tricks. If you ever feel an irresistible longing for a coconut, you know how to get one, don't you? You throw a stone at a monkey in a tree, and he then throws a coconut at you. News comes from Bury St. Edmunds that this is also the way to gather gooseberries and green peas. That is what an escaped monkey hurled at his pursuers when they chased him among the tropical palms of Bury St. Edmunds. And who can blame him? The only pity was that it wasn't bananas.

It is some time since we gave a caricaturist's recognition to the Army, so here is the MILITARY LIAISON SECTION *of the* ARMY GROUP. *Brigadier de Waal is a South African personality, and both Colonel D. Heathcoat Amory and Captain Sir Terence Langrishe are well-known figures in sporting circles, especially hunting and yachting.* (CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.)

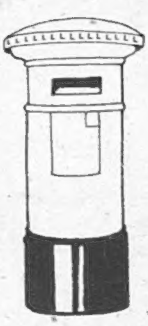
The ninety-fifth of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

"OH! OF COURSE, YOU *WOULD* HAVE SOMETHING BETTER IN DETROIT!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—We have been having a terribly anxious time with little Mrs. Simpkins, who fell downstairs and broke her leg. It all happened last Wednesday evening when she took one of her Evacuees, who had a cold, some black-currant tea to drink in bed. Colonel Simpkins was sitting downstairs reading *The Times*, and he suddenly heard the most awful thumping and bumping, and when he rushed out into the hall there was little Mrs. Simpkins at the bottom of the stairs in what novelists call a Crumpled Heap.

When Charles and I arrived, she was sitting up, looking white, and with one of her feet pointing at a very peculiar angle indeed. Colonel Simpkins, like all husbands who love their wives and are anxious about them, was being cross.

"Why didn't you put on the *light*, my dear Emily?" he was saying in an exasperated way.

"The children's door was open and I was anxious not to wake the other two," said little Mrs. Simpkins shakily, but with dignity. "Now, please, Willy, don't *fuss*!"

"Of all the damn silly things——" said Colonel Simpkins, stuffing a sofa cushion behind her back.

"Mrs. Simpkins fell downstairs."

Charles knelt down beside Mrs. Simpkins and put a finger on her pulse. "I'm perfectly all right, Charles, dear," she said, closing her eyes. "If somebody would just open a window somewhere——"

"Got any brandy, Colonel?" said Charles.

"I never touch it," said little Mrs. Simpkins weakly, resting her head on Charles' shoulder.

"I know you don't," said Charles in his soothing way, "but this is Medicine." He gave me a Look and I went upstairs. I had a feeling that Mrs. Simpkins was the sort of person who would have a medicine-glass in a small cupboard in her bedroom, along with the tablets, the liniment, and the lozenges. I was right.

"'Got any brandy, Colonel?'"

Brandy proffered in a medicine-glass is a very different thing from brandy in a wine-glass, and little Mrs. Simpkins sipped it gratefully while Charles went out to his car to fetch some splints.

When he came back she was sitting up, looking a good deal pinker. "That's right, Charles, dear," she said. "Just put one of those things on and then you and Willie must help me upstairs."

"You're for the Hospital, my dear," said Charles.

Little Mrs. Simpkins opened wide china-blue eyes. "*Hospital*?" she said. "Don't be ridiculous, Charles. Who's going to look after Willie?"

"I can look after myself perfectly well, thank you, my dear Emily," said Colonel Simpkins testily.

"You can't," said little Mrs. Simpkins, glaring at him.

"He can look after himself better if he hasn't got to keep rushing up and down stairs with trays for you," I said.

"And Mrs. Whinebite can have the Evacuees," said Charles.

"Oh, dear," said little Mrs. Simpkins, her lip trembling. Then Charles and Colonel Simpkins carried her out to the car and she was driven away, and I went upstairs to pack some of her old-world nighties into a suitcase.

It turned out to be a bad break, and little Mrs. Simpkins had to be under an anæsthetic for quite a long time before the Great Bone Chief from our Cathedral City got it straight. She stood the operation splendidly and was as brave as a lion, and then, three days afterwards, she suddenly gave up trying and turned her face to the wall. "I'm tired," she said. "The War has gone on too long."

"Goodness!" said Charles, "you mustn't give in now the end is in sight."

But little Mrs. Simpkins kept on saying, "I'm tired," and Charles began to look grave.

Colonel Simpkins was beside himself with grief and anxiety. He kept on coming into our house and puffing out his cheeks in a distraught way, and saying: "I blame myself; I should have done more to help her."

Three days of this began to get me down. "Now, look here," I said, "it's silly to talk like that. You know perfectly well you are the Model Husband. Only last week Mr. Savernack said he was sick of having you held up to him as an example because you dust the drawing-room as well as doing the boiler."

This pleased Colonel Simpkins, but he soon began to puff out his cheeks and look miserable again, and in the end I promised I would go and see little Mrs. Simpkins and point out to her that she was behaving selfishly.

When I arrived at the Hospital she was lying with her eyes shut. She looked very frail. "How are you, darling?" I said.

"Tired," said little Mrs. Simpkins, without opening her eyes. "Tired."

"You *are* trying your hardest to get better, aren't you?"

"No," said little Mrs. Simpkins.

"But think of poor Colonel Simpkins."

"Willie is a most fascinating man," said little Mrs. Simpkins. She then mentioned the names of several elderly spinsters and widows, any of whom she considered would make Colonel Simpkins a satisfactory second wife.

"But if you die you may find that you have to work just as hard in the next world."

"Oh no, dear," said little Mrs. Simpkins. "The Lord wouldn't do a thing like that. Not to an old woman who's had Evacuees."

This defeated me and I sat in silence for several minutes. Then I said: "They've been trying to blow up Hitler."

Mrs. Simpkins opened her eyes for the first time. "Who has?" she said.

"The German Generals."

"It was a failure?"

"Yes. But they blew his trousers off and singed his back hair."

Little Mrs. Simpkins began to laugh weakly. "Really!" she said. "How very humorous! His trousers! Dear me!"

"People seem to think there will soon be civil war in Germany."

"Why didn't you tell me this before, Henrietta?" said little Mrs. Simpkins, sitting up in bed.

"Everybody is frightfully pleased and excited, except poor Colonel Simpkins, who keeps on worrying and worrying about you all the time."

"'Tired,' said little Mrs. Simpkins."

"He needn't worry any more," said little Mrs. Simpkins, "I'm going to get better. Back hair, indeed! I haven't been so amused for a long time."

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

—HENRIETTA.

CHIEF OF THE FRENCH ARMY OF THE INTERIOR—GENERAL KOENIG.

GENERAL JOSEPH PIERRE KOENIG, D.S.O., *is best remembered for his heroic defence of Bir Hacheim, in Libya 1942, at the head of a small French garrison, chiefly of Parisians and Bretons. For sixteen days the stronghold was held against incessant dive-bombing attacks, and assaults by picked German and Italian troops, an epic resistance which restored French military prestige in the eyes of the world. Last month General Koenig was appointed Chief of the French Army of the Interior, and on the eve of the liberation of Caen he made a short tour of Normandy towns cleared of the enemy. General Koenig is forty-six, an Alsatian, and served for twenty years before this war, chiefly with the Chasseurs Alpins and the Foreign Legion. As a captain he took a Foreign Legion battalion to Narvik in 1940, and was promoted major. After France's fall he escaped to Africa, and was promoted general by General de Gaulle for his part in the Syrian expedition. In April 1943 he came to London to become Chief French Liaison Officer at General Eisenhower's H.Q.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY KANOVA.

AYOT ST. LAWRENCE, *home of* MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, *has been given to the National Trust, who will, after his death, maintain it as a literary shrine. A Karsh portrait of G. B. S. appears on our "Hats Off" page.*

Right: The marriage of MISS HEATHER ELIOT, M.T.C., *daughter of the late Captain P. C. Eliot and of Mrs. Edward Herbert, to* LIEUT.-COLONEL DUNCAN NEILSON, R.A., *took place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square.*

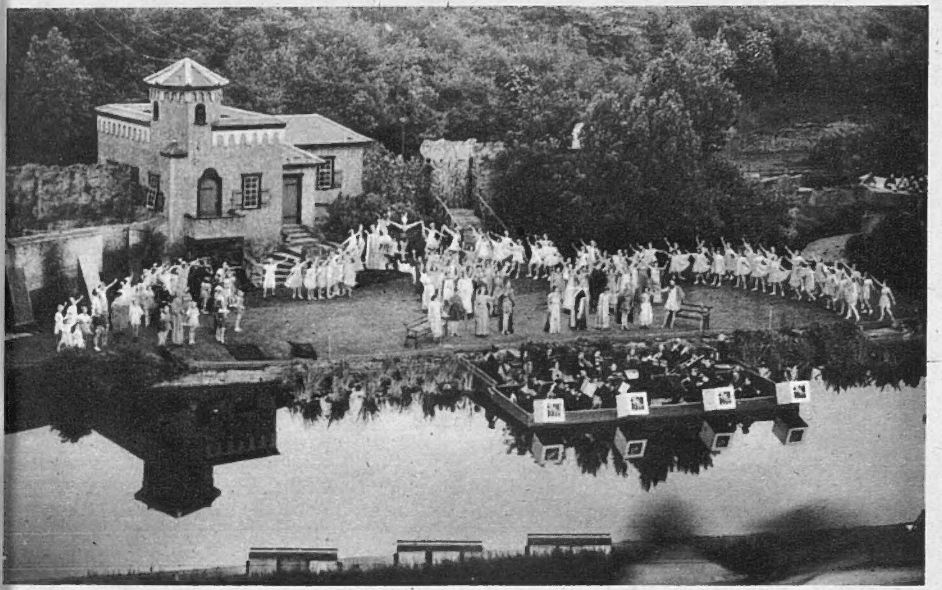
These fortunate A.T.S. girls stepping out of the landing craft on to the beachhead are the first contingent to arrive in Normandy. They are attached to the 21st Army Group and will act as clerks on the beachheads.

UNA DONOVAN, *sixteen-year-old slater and tiler, is probably the only girl to ply such a trade in England. She learnt from her father, and has, for the last nineteen months, been assisting him to repair bomb-damaged roofs.*

FIRST-LIEUT. JAMES McCLURE, *from Tecumseh, Mich., uses a trick cyclist's "unicycle" to run over to his Thunderbolt. He's one of Colonel Zempke's famous fighter group. He's been on sixty-five operational missions.*

WREN PAT TURNER *(centre), daughter of a Plymouth solicitor, joined the Wrens a cipher clerk, but was one of the girls picked for training as river pilots, and the first woman to claim the 10s. pilotage fee for navigating ships in tricky wat*

THE HOME FRONT, ITALY AND NORMAND



"A Midsummer Night's Dream" presented by the SCARBOROUGH OPERATIC SOCIETY on the Island Theatre Open-Air Stage at Scarborough for fourteen performances in July and August. This is the finale, with the full company. The Corps de Ballet consists of young Scarborough dancers.

H.M. THE KING gave the accolade of knighthood to GENERAL SIR OLIVER LEESE at an open-air investiture in Italy. Sir Oliver is a baronet, but received the K.C.B. in October last for his work in the invasion of Sicily.

SEPOY KAMAL RAM is the first Indian Sepoy to win the V.C. in this war. He was awarded it for great gallantry in silencing three enemy machine-gun posts near Cassino in May; and was invested by the King in Italy.

Left: Before the war PRIVATE LILLY OSBORN, A.T.S., was a tailoress. Now she drives a "Yo-Yo." This odd-looking vehicle is an American device for rapid loading and unloading of trucks.

When H.M. THE QUEEN visited the A.T.S. of South-Eastern Command, she chatted to an American W.A.C., CAPTAIN JANET VARN, who is training with British A.T.S. officers in map-reading and plotting.

An R.A.F. medical unit has set up a clinic to deal with sickness among the women and children in a Normandy village. Here little RACHELLE is having her legs bandaged by L.A.C. H. P. TREASURE.

A ROUND DOZEN OF NEWS PICTURES.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

IT was probably too much to hope that Hollywood would make a film out of "THE CANTERVILLE GHOST" that retained the subtle and characteristic flavour of Oscar Wilde's original story. "The Canterville Ghost," as you will recall, is the story of an American family who take over an English mansion, and plague the life out of the family ghost, setting booby-traps for the poor fellow, and rubbing out his celebrated bloodstain with Pinkerton's Champion Stain Remover and Paragon Detergent. It has that quality of irony that is always unendurable to second-rate minds—a fact that in itself would make it ill-adapted to the cinema.

"The subjects discussed, as I have since learned from Mr. Otis, were merely such as form the ordinary conversation of cultured Americans of the better class, such as the immense superiority of Miss

Cecil B. De Mille's Technicolor production of "The Story of Dr. Wassell" (Carlton; August 10) was fully dealt with in a page of pictures in "The Sketch" of July 26. Here are three more stills of this true story of an American doctor's heroism. Above, Hoppy (DENNIS O'KEEFE) *and Three Martini* (CAROL THURSTON) *prepare to train a Tommy-gun on the advancing Japs*

Unable to get his stretcher cases aboard ship, Dr. Wassell (GARY COOPER) *returns with them to the hospital at Petronella, only to find it has been bombed.*

Fanny Davenport over Sarah Bernhardt as an actress; the difficulty of obtaining green corn, buckwheat cakes and hominy, even in the best English houses; the importance of Boston in the development of the world-soul; the advantages of the baggage-check system in railway travelling; and the sweetness of the New York accent as compared to the London drawl."

What could they do with that in Hollywood, I wonder? And pray, how could they hope to manage the conversation between Mr. Otis and Lord Canterville when the latter is warning the American that Canterville Chase, which he proposes to buy, is haunted?

"'I fear that the ghost exists,' said Lord Canterville, smiling. 'It has been well known for three centuries . . . and always makes its appearance before the death of any member of our family.'

"'Well, so does the family doctor, for that matter, Lord Canterville. But there is no such thing, Sir, as a ghost, and I guess the laws of nature are not going to be suspended for the British aristocracy.'

"'You are certainly very natural in America,' answered Lord Canterville, who did not quite understand Mr. Otis's last observation."

How is a foreign film producer going to begin to convey the mockingly affectionate implications of that last phrase, without sending Lord Canterville into a violent double-take, and playing him as a buck-toothed, blimpish, olde English dotard?

No, it was obvious that "The Canterville Ghost" would not come to the screen unaltered. But if the piece could no longer be Wilde, there was some hope that, with Charles Laughton playing one of the large, rich characters for which he has a talent, it might at least be witty. But alas! the boisterous wartime comedy, which you can see at the Empire, has hardly more wit than it has Wilde.

The Cantervilles have become De Cantervilles; Canterville Chase is now naturally Canterville Castle. A fancy-dress prologue shows the ghosting of Sir Simon de Canterville, who has been walled up by his father for cowardice in a duel. Three hundred years later, the Ghost is still haunting the Castle, waiting for his release until some member of the De Canterville family performs a deed of valour. This is apparently quite out of the power of the effete British stock.

But now comes the war, and oh, goody! goody! a company of American Rangers are quartered in the Castle. And one of them, Cuffy Williams (Robert Young), is unbelievably a De Canterville. His first attempt at bravery, in some sort of Commando raid, is a failure, but his chance comes when an aerial torpedo falls in the grounds of the Castle. Inspired by the courage of six-year-old Lady Jessica de Canterville (Margaret O'Brien)—who seems entirely qualified to break the family curse on her own account—he hitches the bomb to a jeep, and goes tearing around the country to find a hole to put it in. This desperate deed of derring-do frees the Ghost, who has been riding nonchalantly on the torpedo, and Sir Simon

Dr. Wassell and the Dutch nurse Bettina (SIGNE HASSO), *in the hospital in the interior of Java, before the bombing.*

de Canterville, amid the cheers of the Rangers, goes to his long home and the father who did him dirt.

René Clair might conceivably have done something with this story, but it seems entirely out of the power of Jules Dassin, who directed, to give it anything but a rather windy gusto. Little Margaret O'Brien, who was so enchanting in "Lost Angel" and "Journey for Margaret," simple parts which she could understand, is quite out of her element in a rôle which demands a certain grasp of a delicate but deeply-rooted cultural tradition. Charles Laughton, whom I should have claimed six years ago as one of the greatest actors on the screen, bewilders me more and more now with every part he plays. "Cargo of Innocents," "This Land is Mine," "Flesh and Fantasy," "The Man from Down Under," "The Canterville Ghost"—in each successive film he seems to conceal a little more of his talent under a cover of coy clowning and grimace. My tables—mete it is I set it down: that one may mug and mug and be an artist.

"GOING MY WAY" (Plaza) follows "The Song of Bernadette" in the new cycle of films popular in Hollywood just now. It is, more or less, a religious film. It is also one of the season's most pleasant surprises. It presents Bing Crosby, the crooner, as a Roman Catholic priest; and Barry Fitzgerald, the Irish character comedy man, as another. It does it with such tact, and such a warm understanding of human character, that the priesthood and the actors are equally adorned. I can only remember one other film that combined a deliberate plug for goodness with so much humour and observation of the ordinary, fallible, God-serving man: that biography of a Methodist minister, "One Foot in Heaven."

"Going My Way" has a sentimental story that would be nothing much without its rich characterisations. A young priest is sent to help an old one in the mortgage-ridden city parish of St. Dominic's. For a time they do not see eye to eye. Young Father O'Malley has an unorthodox way of going about his job. His main assets appear to be music and muscles. But they work. He organises the tough boys of the streets into a choir. He saves a potentially delinquent girl from going wrong. He teaches the old priest to play golf. He

N.B.—Our list of the Best Theatres will be found on page 78.

sings and writes songs, which he sells so effectively, with the help of an old friend from the Metropolitan Opera (contralto Risë Stevens), that he raises enough money to clear the mortgage on the church, even after a disastrous fire. At the end of the film we see him leaving the now rehabilitated St. Dominic's to move on to another difficult parish and help another ancient priest. But before he goes, he brings his old friend's old, old mother over from Ireland, and leaves them reunited, while the audience blindly grope for handkerchiefs.

All this sweetness and light, badly done, would be insufferable, but it happens to have been done with a great deal of discretion and charm. Barry Fitzgerald plays the old priest superbly. His wise acting, learnt in the best theatre schools and enriched with years of experience, makes this one of the truest, funniest and most touching pictures of old age that have reached the screen. Bing Crosby, as the young priest, hardly appears to act at all. He would seem to move effortlessly through the part with his own peculiarly gentle and lazy charm; but so steadily has he avoided any form of showmanship; so honestly has he observed the relationship of man to man; that you feel convinced that, *had* a young priest looked exactly like Bing Crosby, that is the way he would have behaved.

"IT HAPPENED TO-MORROW" (Pavilion) is good, but not quite good enough. Good enough to make one wonder how the film is going to end. Not good enough as an example of the mercurial talents of René Clair, the director. It is based on a theme that has provided several writers with material in the past—the theme of a man who is able to read to-morrow's news to-day. Lord Dunsany used the idea as the basis of a one-act play. John Buchan elaborated it in his novel "The Gap in the Curtain."

Larry Stevens (Dick Powell), an American reporter of the '90s, gets inveigled into an argument on time with a dim old gentleman

"English Without Tears" (Odeon) starts action in the Committee Room of the League of Nations at Geneva. Lady Christabel Beauclerk (MARGARET RUTHERFORD) *pleads for happy landing-places for migratory birds, in which she is passionately interested.*

CHARLES LAUGHTON *as the very tangible spirit of Sir Simon de Canterville stars in "The Canterville Ghost" (Empire), reviewed in this article. His only descendant, the Lady Jessica, is played by* MARGARET O'BRIEN.

in a library. The dim old gentleman promptly hands him a copy of his own paper with to-morrow's date-line. Here is the scoop that every journalist dreams of. It is Larry's job to collect red-hot news. In his hands is the reddest, hottest news of all—to-morrow's news before it happens.

The young man would not be worth his weekly pay envelope if he didn't follow up this tip. He follows it up, getting further

"Action in Arabia" (Regal) describes the adventures of American newspapermen in Damascus, murder, and revolt in the desert. Above, Gordon (GEORGE SANDERS) *bends over Reed* (ROBERT ARMSTRONG), *killed while protecting fine old Arab leader Abd el Rashid* (H. B. WARNER), *who has his daughter Mounirah* (LENORE AUBERT) *on his left, and Yvonne* (VIRGINIA BRUCE), *a Free French agent, right.*

Later, Lady Christabel befriends human migrants, turning her Mayfair house into a club for Allied Services. Here niece Joan (PENELOPE WARD) *greets the Beauclerk butler, Gilbey* (MICHAEL WILDING), *now an officer.*

assistance from the D.O.G. He finds himself involved with the police, who misunderstand his prescience of a jewel robbery; with a music-hall charlatan who foretells the future (Jack Oakie) and his pretty niece (Linda Darnell); with the results of a race-meeting; and finally, with his own obituary notice.

This material, one would have thought, would have well suited René Clair's antic and flashing wit. "It Happened To-morrow" might have been a rare, special picture. Instead of that, it is a good, plain one. There are gay and dexterous moments, but not enough of them. On the whole, Clair has handled his story on routine Hollywood slapstick lines. Too much of the secret has been given away to us by common usage; too many tricks are too plainly signalled; we are in the position of people who read most of to-morrow's script yesterday. Mr. Oakie seems too positive a comedian to adapt his style to René Clair's fastidious, peculiar temperament. Mr. Powell and Miss Darnell have always seemed to me fair, worthy players, who can fix almost any part at a steady level of competence. They do still.

"LADIES COURAGEOUS" (Leicester Square) is intended, I suppose, as a tribute to the American W.A.F.S.—the Women's Auxiliary Ferrying Squadron. Actually, it suggests that these ladies, if we are to judge them by their actions here, are hardly to be trusted to ferry a Bath-chair, let alone a bomber.

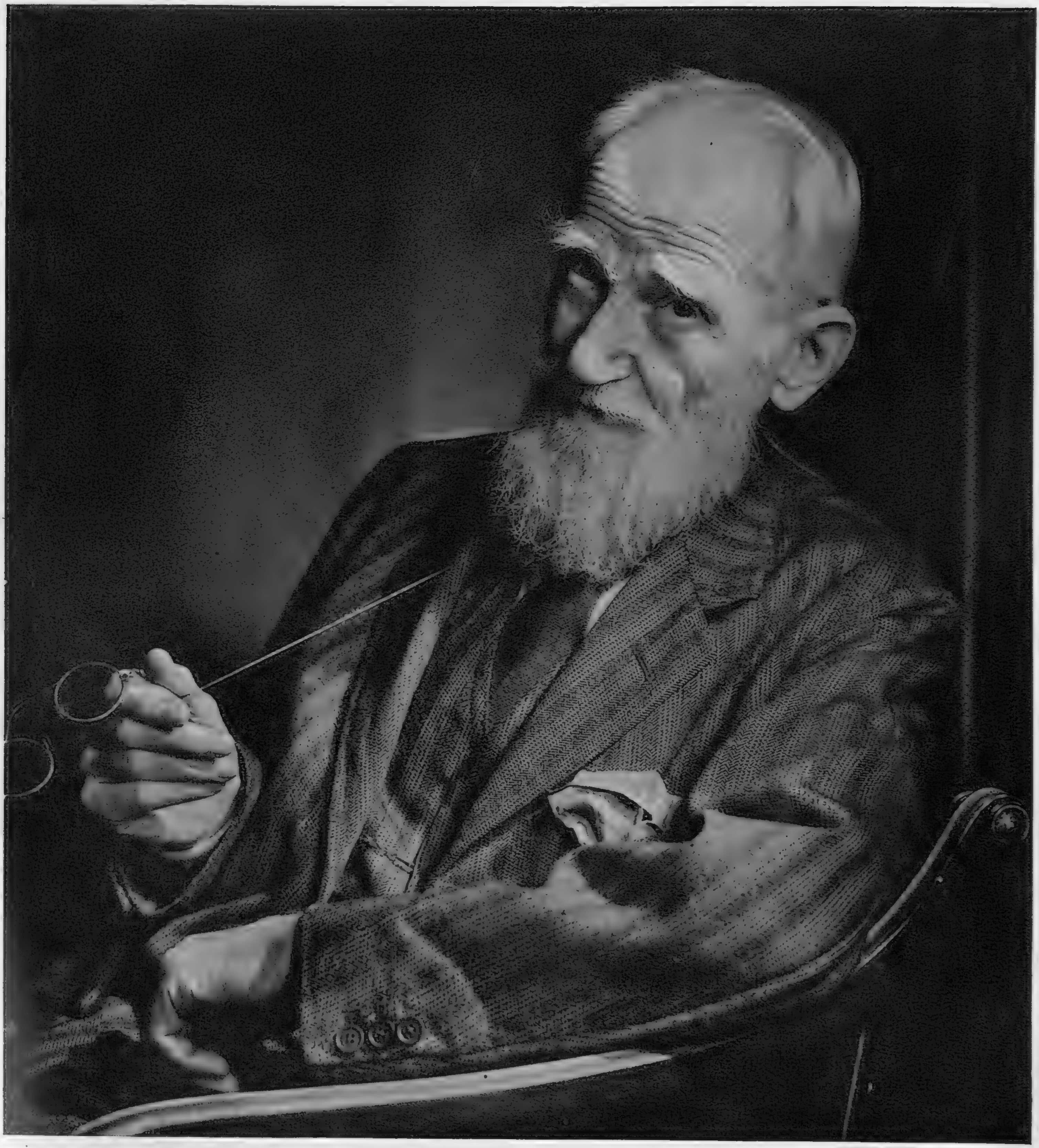
A huge transport air-liner roars into an American Army air base from a thick fog. Out of it spill an assorted crew of Hollywood's hand-picked lovelies. These charmers in uniform then proceed to exploit their individual egos, with only an occasional thought for the business of the nation. One called Jill, for instance, learns that her husband is carrying on with another called Nadine. Jill immediately crashes her 'plane in a highly unhelpful solution. Another beauty, Virgie, the Commandant's sister, breaks up an important parade with a low-flying stunt, being of the neurotic type, we gather. To atone for this, she later takes off in another 'plane without authority, and nearly kills herself. The Commandant, Roberta, finally hands in her resignation in a fit of dudgeon; this gesture having the odd effect of winning the W.A.F.S. recognition for meritorious service from the Army command.

The Bailey family at home: while Mrs. Bailey reads the morning paper, her husband, who still designs bridges in his spare time, helps Richard with the Meccano set.

ONE of the most ingenious of this war's inventions was made by MR. DONALD COLEMAN BAILEY, inventor of the Bailey bridge to carry the heaviest of modern armoured vehicles over rivers and chasms. The Bailey Bridge fits together like a giant jigsaw puzzle, only one steel pin being needed to lock each joint securely to the next. It is built up first on rollers, and then each successive span is pushed by rollers over the gap until it is bridged. In its lightest form it can carry a 20-ton load, and it saves endless time in the transport of armies. In a moment of inspiration and from a rough sketch he drew on the back of an envelope, Mr. Bailey brought forth his idea, and now the bridge's component parts are constructed by a varied army of builders, including bedstead manufacturers, greenhouse makers, a firm of restaurateurs, a football pool firm, and Mr. Bailey. Seeing the first one built, General Montgomery said that it would be needed everywhere our Army goes in Europe, which has been amply proved.

Right: Six-year-old Bailey Junior is something of a bridge-builder himself, and is not averse to taking a little kindly advice from his father.

DESIGNER OF "THE R.E.s' DREAM": MR. BAILEY OF THE BAILEY BRIDGE AT HOME



WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

G. B. S., for making an Eighty-Eighth Birthday Gift of his Home to the National Trust.

Our Grand Old Socialist man of letters, MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, *reversed the usual procedure when, on July 26, his eighty-eighth birthday, he presented his house at Ayot St. Lawrence, Hertfordshire, to the nation as a literary shrine. The property consists of a house and two acres of land, and includes the garden hut in which in recent years most of his writing has been done. On his birthday he received visitors and told one of them that he is really a poor man, having had to pay £100,000 taxes since war began. His new book, "Everybody's Political What's What," is to be published shortly, and his film play "Cæsar and Cleopatra," with Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier, is now in production. If Mr. Shaw lives to ninety he says he may follow in Sophocles' footsteps and write another play at that age.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY KARSH OF OTTAWA.

FIRST "LIBERATION" FASH
WHAT FRENCHWOMEN

EVERY English and American woman has been wondering whether the French-woman's innate dress sense and natural *chic* can have survived the attrition of war and the terrible shortage caused by the German occupation. "The Sketch" is able to answer this burning question pictorially, by means of these snapshots of the women of Cherbourg as they appeared on the Bastille Day celebrations in their war-stricken but liberated town. Naturally, for this occasion, they wore the best

N.B. A Coloured pl

NS FROM CHERBOURG; RE WEARING TO-DAY.

hat their reduced wardrobes could provide, and put up a fairly good show. The iscerning feminine eye will observe the lack of stockings, the shabbiness of the shoes nd the somewhat "bitty" effect of a good many of the dresses and coats—results f the Years that the Locusts Have Eaten. Still, there is a certain elegance in the vay the dresses are worn that gladdens every feminine eye, and proves that rench fashions still have "what it takes"!

nserted in this issue.

HAVING A WAR OF HIS OWN!

LORD GREENWAY *can have a war all of his own—and enjoy it! He owns one of the best collections of toy soldiers in the world—a miniature army, 6000 strong, and our "Life" picture shows him with a few of them. His troops include Coldstream and Scots Greys' bands; and detachments of Grenadiers, Sussex, Warwickshire, Bengal Lancers, and some twenty other regiments. He is the second Baron, was a Captain in the Indian Army, and saw service with the Mesopotamian and Aden Expeditionary Forces. Lady Greenway helps her husband in the expert business of painting-in the correct details of uniform, for, like all crack collectors, Lord Greenway buys his models in rough-cast form.*

GOOFY PLOTS THE SAILOR DOWN THE CENTURIES.

Voyagers of old steered their craft by the stars. Goofy first shows how the Vikings steered their galleys. Then follows a side-splitting sequence in which he is "Columbus Goof," who sails off the edge of the flat world.

And next, the pirate. Here Goofy discovers how the expression "walking the plank" came about. A terrible storm at sea causes the Goof to lash himself to the mast, which is struck by lightning.

Now Goofy tries to explain the tricks of the flag-wagger in his own way, an episode which gives him a chance to explore the windings of a crazy solution as to why sailors are known as tars. This must be seen to be believed. Even the Horse Marines couldn't take it!

THE newest Disney short, "How to Be a Sailor," presents Goofy as a seaman down the ages, from Viking to Admiral of the Fleet. As the narrator tells the story, friend Goofy demonstrates the action, and many phases of navigation unfold themselves, starting from the days when the cave-man first fell from his primeval mud into a lake and paddled his way ashore on a log, down to to-day and the super-battleship. Disney's master touch is enriched with Technicolor.

Progressing down the years, here is Goofy as the counterpart of the modern A.B. No, they're not pin-up girls. The double exposure only proves that sailors do have a devil of a time trying to dream of each one they leave behind in every port!

And finally the rating moves to the upper deck, and as an Admiral of the Fleet has all the comforts and advantages due to one of such an exalted rank. The exceedingly entertaining climax shows Goofy all tangled up in a torpedo which explodes bang in the centre of the "Rising Sun."

"KEEP GOING"—WITH CYRIL FLETCHER THE PALACE

PHYLLIS MONKMAN *as a Parisian Can-Can dancer in the gay and naughty 'nineties.*

ROMA MILNE, ROBERTA HUBY *and* AVRIL ANGERS *wear flowing negligées in "Wallflowers."*

Right: With the canary, the aspidistra and the family groups: PHYLLIS MONKMAN *and* CYRIL FLETCHER *in their Tube air-raid shelter home.*

"Rainbow Corner": BILLY TASKER, *as an American G.I., looking at the picture of his girl back home.*

THE London theatres are coming back to life again, and at least one important musical show is due this week—the revue "KEEP GOING," which has its first night fixed for to-morrow, August 10, at the Palace Theatre. It was originally produced last month at Southsea, under the title of "Hi," and has been enjoying successful visits to Nottingham, Peterborough, etc. Phyllis Monkman and Cyril Fletcher are the chief comedians, and are at their best in the Tube shelter scene, "Gone to Ground," as

[*Continued opposite.*

The Beauty Chorus Highwaymen abduct the traveller from her coach in the "Stand and Deliver" number.

AND PHYLLIS MONKMAN—DUE AT THIS WEEK.

Members of the well-drilled chorus in the shimmering sequins and ostrich feathers they wear in the Finale.

"Gone to Ground": BILLY TASKER, PHYLLIS MONKMAN *and* CYRIL FLETCHER *as Cockney air-raid troglodytes.*

Left: One of the Beauty Chorus in her highwayman costume for the number "Stand and Deliver."

LULU DUKES, *the dancing daughter of Ashley Dukes, the playwright, and Mrs. Dukes (Marie Rambert).*

Continued.]

Cockneys who have furnished their underground home with a decoration of family groups, and brought the aspidistra and the canary. Cyril Fletcher's wife, Betty Astell, is responsible for book, lyrics and music, and appears in the show. There's plenty of gaiety, wit and spectacular charm in "Keep Going." The principal dancer is Lulu Dukes, a daughter of Ashley Dukes and his wife, Marie Rambert. Mr. Pemberton's find, Roberta Huby, is another attraction, and so is Harry Angers' daughter, Avril Angers.

The entire company in the Grand Finale, "The Round-About," with PHYLLIS MONKMAN *and* CYRIL FLETCHER *in the centre.*

THE LAST SKETCHES MADE BY REX WHISTLER: SETTINGS FOR SIR OSBERT SITWELL'S VICTORIAN GHOST STORY.

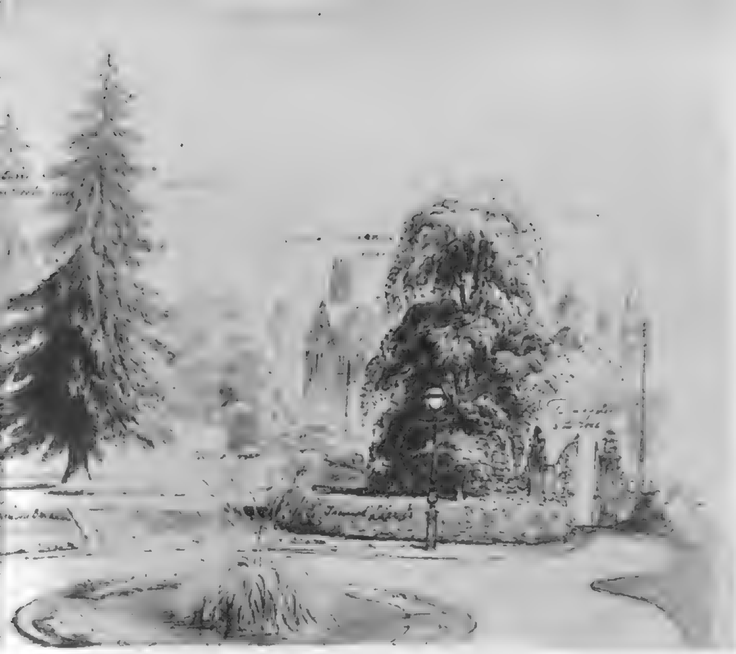
Sketch of a rich Victori
Place of One's Own," bas

The Conservatory or Winter Garden: the tiled pavement and bamboo chairs at intervals are characteristic of the period.

Up for sale: two typical Victorians look
residence standi

The hall and staircase of the desirable residence, with a neat, long-skirted parlour-maid carrying a tray from the dining-room.

The Orchestra, wearing bowler hats, playing to ente
an amusing illustration of Vic



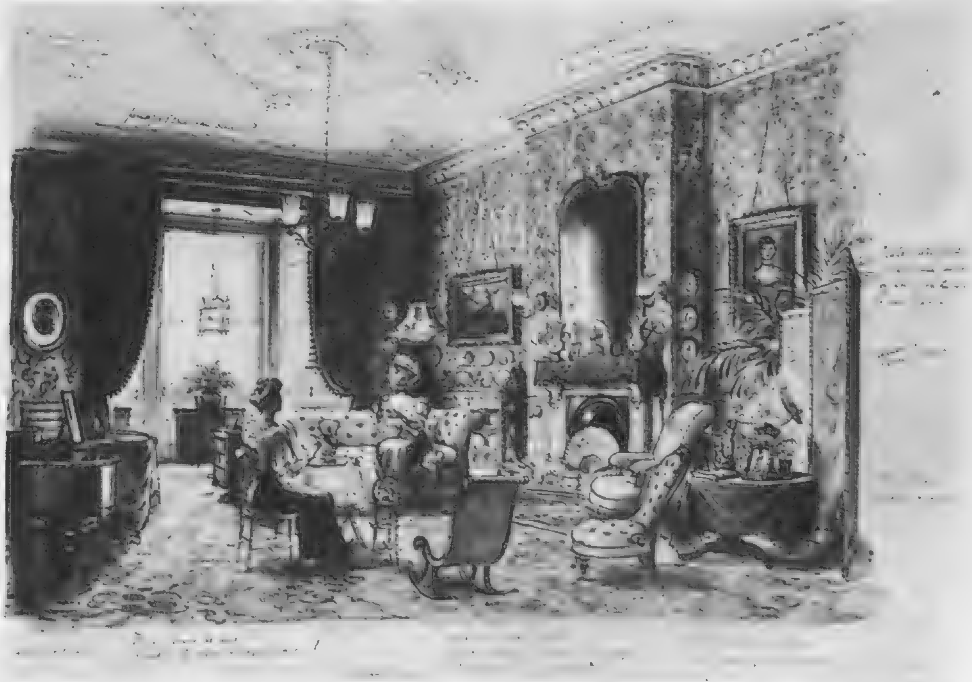
illa-residence for the film " A
n Sir Osbert Sitwell's ghost story.

THE designs for the settings of " A Place of One's Own," Victorian film just completed by Gainsborough Pictures at Shepherd's Bush, were among the last work of the late Rex Whistler, who has been killed in Normandy, serving with the Welsh Guards. " A Place of One's Own," which is based on a brilliant and unusual ghost story by Sir Osbert Sitwell, struck Mr. Maurice Ostrer as being likely to give full scope to Rex Whistler's decorative talent, so he invited him to help design the sets. He accepted the commission, but refused to allow the producer, Mr. R. J. Minney, to ask for extended leave for him to do more work on the film, as his attitude was that, until the war was won, his main job was to fight. His death in action, at the age of thirty-nine, is a serious loss to the world of art and to the theatre, as well as to his many friends, for he was one of the most brilliant of the decorative artists of the day. The sketches which we reproduce below illustrate his talent for recreating a period with grace and a touch of satire, and include his own amusing comments. For instance, in the garden-party sketch he notes that two Victorian parents are being brought tea by " frightful black-booted children." Margaret Lockwood, James Mason and Barbara Mullen star in " A Place of One's Own."

he board advertising the sale of the desirable
n its own grounds.

The Victorian Garden-party—with refreshments and croquet as amusements. Note the rustic summer-house.

he guests at the garden-party:
ustoms.



Afternoon tea in the over-furnished drawing-room; the plates hung on the wall are " probably hand-painted," notes the artist.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

BROOKE WHITTAKER'S father was a new-comer to the aristocracy of Hollywood, but she was its bright particular star and sufficiently sure of herself to keep that very eligible bachelor, Bob Warren, on a string. The fact that war had broken out in Europe as yet made little difference to her round of pleasures, but she had a serious side, and when some people in her set held up to ridicule certain solecisms in dress at a poor Italian wedding, she not only felt ashamed, but wished to make reparation. Accordingly, she approached Tony Casino, a handsome navvy who had bitterly resented the insult to his family. His angry rejection of her apologies inflamed her interest in him; she fell in love, and almost equally against his wish and her family's carried him off to Reno and married him. Tony would accept no money from her relations, even if they had offered it, and Brooke began married life in a very hard school. Though she did not cut herself off from her family, she was thrown more and more with Tony's, in whose lives the hospital and the cemetery played a large part. She respected them, but she could not respect her husband, for the difficulty of finding work had sapped his courage and emotionally he was no help to her.

Appearance and Reality. This is the unexpected development in a situation that might have been interesting solely for its sensational quality. Attracted by Tony's appearance of strength, Brooke is alienated by the reality of his weakness. She does not give in easily, nor until she has had the experience of bringing a child into this world so foreign to her; and, in the meanwhile, Miss Child traces with delicacy and skill the psychological changes that are carrying husband and wife apart. It is not that Brooke yearns for the Whittaker fleshpots; it is not that Tony's plebeian digestion cannot assimilate this delicate morsel from the upper social registers. Indeed, she is much tougher than he. Whether Miss Child means us to attribute his defeatism more to his nature than to his cruel inability to find work, I am not sure, but in its essence the situation belongs to humanity everywhere, and is only aggravated by the disparity of social position.

Miss Child has more sympathy with Tony's world than with Brooke's. The latter she satirises, sometimes, as in the scenes where the Whittakers try to argue Brooke out of her infatuation, to the point of losing verisimilitude. She has a sharp pen, and many of her thrusts go home. I liked the description of the man who was useful to Brooke's mother for bridge and dancing, "although not really good-looking enough to make a woman feel utterly precious." As far as I can see, the story has no moral, except the rather obvious, though often disregarded one that a situation brought about by the exercise of too much will-power is likely to go seriously wrong. Different in kind, though not in quality, from the author's previous book, "The Wolf on the Fold," "If I Come Home" shows that she is a writer of versatility and promise as well as of achievement.

Points of View. "The Battle Within" is at once a novel and a symposium. A symposium because nearly every character, from the pacifist Vicar of Ashleigh to his wife, who thought that German women should be sterilised, has a different attitude to the war and expresses it at one time or another in conversation. In so far as these opinions are merely opinions, they serve to slow down the action of the book, however interesting they may be in themselves. But in some cases they are more than opinions: they modify or determine the behaviour of the characters, and thus are dramatically and psychologically justified. Mr. Marlow, for instance, resigns his living because his views are inacceptable to his flock; while Pearl Haddon, who had been in love with a German before the war, undergoes a painful revolution of feeling which contributes tremendously to the drama of the climax. She is an outspoken girl, and when her American kinsman, Edward, asks her if she is afraid of sentiment, she replies: "I dislike it if it's sham. You Americans so often mistake fake stuff, don't you, for the deep, underlying truth of things—the stark, fearless truth which I admire"; and when he protests on behalf of his countrymen, she remarks: "How careful one has to be with our American cousins!" After this she consents to fall in love with him; but Fate, perhaps irritated by her self-complacency, has a severe trial in store for her.

Keeping the Ring. Among the talkers is an individualistic Russian princess who tells the doctor that the English do not live—"I mean in a human, intelligent way"—they are so busy, thanks to their climate, in trying to keep alive. She foretells an ant-world in which human beings will have lost their souls. Sir Philip Gibbs keeps the ring for these wordy warriors—most of whom acquit themselves with credit, though perhaps none could be said to pack a new kind of punch—without explicitly committing himself to any of their views. At the same time it is clear that the bent of his mind is towards greater understanding and sympathy as the means of reconciling divisions of opinion both national and international.

Clinics in Fiction. A sanatorium is a first-rate subject for a novel. Not only is it a microcosm, but a microcosm in which the inhabitants are keyed to a higher emotional pitch than they are in normal life. Moreover, the special atmosphere which haunts such institutions is valuable to a novelist, for it enables him to dispense with the necessity for imitating the surface of life and to look for what lies underneath. The two enterprises are not incompatible, as Jane Austen has shown; but I think there is no doubt that the effort to make a novel superficially lifelike often blinds both writer and reader to the things which do not show on the top. The glitter of the surface dazzles the mind's eye.

Readers of "The Magic Mountain" (I must admit to having got only half-way through it) will remember the amazing emotional and spiritual tension that makes incandescent the first part of that book—a tension which could not have been achieved, or could not have been achieved so easily, if Thomas Mann had had to occupy himself with representing the crust of a society in which people were living normal lives.

Mr. L. T. Shortell, whose "Of Mingled Being" was a first novel of much promise, chooses for the scene of "People Apart" a village in the Jura to which consumptives and others go for "the cure." Ashley Brockett, an Englishman who has left his wife and child in Paris, is very seriously ill; Veronique is less ill, but ill enough to feel that the highly disagreeable Italian, Mario, offers her her only chance of marriage. Ashley and Veronique are drawn together by ties of affinity so intangible that in ordinary circumstances they would hardly have been felt; but in the forcing-house of the clinic they quickly grow into tendrils of the utmost strength.

Another Story. The story has a fascinating opening, but afterwards it seems to me to lose its way. Competing factors enter—Ashley's conjugal obligations, Veronique's engagement. These alone might not unduly have burdened the book—indeed, it is arguable that they enrich it—but the outbreak of war is a serious and finally a fatal competitor, for it invades the charmed enclosure of the clinic and turns a fascinating study of exceptional conditions into something like an ordinary "escape" story. The incidents of his journey to St. Jean de Luz are exciting enough, but they prevent the book from developing logically, even if they provide the author with a "way out" which might otherwise have been hard to find.

Murder Taken Lightly. "File for Record" is a flat title, and unjust to Miss Alice Tilton's book, which might be said to effervesce, almost to bounce. It is an odd anomaly that no detective story of any pretensions dare appear to-day without a murder, and yet that murder may be treated far more casually than a mere burglary would have been twenty years ago. Presumably only death can give the weight and importance necessary to hold the reader's interest; but there seems no obligation to feel at all harrowed by it. His friends' tributes to the late Ross Haymaker may be the more sincere for their brevity, but the reader could be excused for finding them a shade perfunctory, and the exuberant behaviour and witty conversation of the characters suggest that the shadow of death did not greatly darken their horizon. However, those who read detective stories will have no quarrel with this approach, since the result is a breathless story which will while away a railway journey or even reduce the tension of a visitation from the doodle-bug.

THE BEST PLAYS.

*Starred by "The Sketch." ***=highest value.*

*** "BLITHE SPIRIT" (*Duchess*). Noel Coward's play. Penelope Ward, Joyce Carey, Nicholas Phipps.

** "ARSENIC AND OLD LACE" (*Strand*). Witty, murderous farce. Lilian Braithwaite, Mary Jerrold, Naunton Wayne, Frank Pettingell, Edmund Willard.

** "WHILE THE SUN SHINES" (*Globe*). Rattigan's inter-allied complications without tears. Jane Baxter, Ronald Squire, Hugh McDermott.

** "SWEETER AND LOWER" (*Ambassadors*). Second edition of "Sweet and Low" revue: Hermione Gingold and Henry Kendall.

* "QUIET WEEK-END" (*Wyndham's*). Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

* "IS YOUR HONEYMOON REALLY NECESSARY?" (*Duke of York's*). Ralph Lynn; Enid Stamp Taylor.

* "THIS WAS A WOMAN" (*Comedy*). Sonia Dresdel, John Bryning, Nova Pilbeam in effective melodrama.

* "HOW ARE THEY AT HOME?" (*Apollo*). J. B. Priestley's topical comedy. Henry Hewitt, Jennifer Gray, Charles Groves.

* "THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY" (*Savoy*). Frederick Lonsdale revival, with Jack Buchanan, Coral Browne, Athene Seyler, Austin Trevor, Margaret Scudamore.

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre to avoid disappointment.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

If I Come Home. By Nellise Child. (*Peter Davies; 9s. 6d.*)
The Battle Within. By Sir Philip Gibbs. (*Hutchinson; 8s. 6d.*)
People Apart. By L. T. Shortell. (*Rich and Cowan; 9s. 6d.*)
File for Record. By Alice Tilton. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)

Pin-up Girl: No. 6 Jean Parker

In answer to special requests from the Forces, we herewith resume our Pin-Up Girls series. JEAN PARKER, *who will be seen in the new Universal Picture "Dead Men's Eyes," is one of the few actresses in Hollywood who didn't want to go on the films! One of the "most beautiful schoolgirls," posed in a swim-suit for a Tenth Olympiad Poster, she went to a picnic instead of attending a film test. Eventually persuaded to take a test, she was cast for the Duchess Marie in "Rasputin and the Empress"—a thrill for a girl of fourteen. Her successful pictures include "Sequoia," "Little Women," "The Barrier" and, currently, "Knights of the Range." She's 5 ft. 3 in. tall, has nut-brown hair and hazel eyes. Her hobby's painting.*

AN EGG FOR KLATCH.

By F. G. TURNBULL.

CARRION-CROWS mate for life; but for the mates of Klatch, the aged hen crow, life was a precarious affair, soon over and its termination violent. They had Klatch's epicurean habit to thank for that. Her craw yearned eternally for the ambrosial content of eggs and the melting flesh of chickens.

The acquisition of such delicate fare involved the invasion of Man's domain; and Man (in this instance Henny Hudson) got thoroughly riled. He had at his command fiendish devices for the destruction of crows, and with these he laid about himself in defence of his property. Klatch had the devil's own luck, and survived. Her mates, flying one by one within the sweep of human vengeance, were less privileged. Out they went.

Not long ago Klatch saw her seventh ill-fated spouse blow up in a cloud of feathers and cartridge-wads at a time when two replacements were available in the vicinity. One of these was Krumm, a mature, muscular and truculent male, who had recently lost his better half in a trap set by Henny Hudson for that slim and slinky purloiner of eggs, the stoat Lelechee.

The other potential spouse was Yodee, a gawky but buoyant-spirited yearling, who had so far failed to find a mate for himself, but who yet lived in hope. He had already fallen foul of Krumm a time or two, and still bore scars to remind him of those unhappy encounters. Also, Yodee was first to spot Klatch when she had lost No. 7 and was on the look-out for another scalp to her marital belt.

Yodee was poised on the head of an elm when the aged widow approached, alone and obviously unattached. She lit on the elm, a tar-black, flea-infested, scaly-legged old harpy. But to Yodee, with the spring sunshine warm on his back, she was an eyeful, a pulse-accelerator, a gripping piece of stuff. When she clenched her gnarled toes round an adjacent twig and stared brazenly at him with one black and villainous eye, Yodee's heart gave a violent hiccup. That was the impact of love.

In the next instant, his squawking apparatus also gave a violent hiccup as he was swiped from his perch by the impact of Krumm's great club of a beak. For the bellicose old cock, soured by celibacy, had from the distance seen Klatch alight in the elm, had seen in her a substitute for his departed mate and in Yodee an impediment to his aim. And, unaware that to consort with Klatch was to book an early passage to oblivion, he had come to press his suit and squash Yodee.

The squashing part of the business over, Krumm lit on the tree, glanced heedlessly down at his insignificant rival, now collecting his scattered wits on a lower branch, and began to display with outspread wings and tail, bowing and turning before his iniquitous Heart's Desire.

Klatch studied Krumm's antics with the eye of a connoisseur in such matters, then she looked archly at the crestfallen Yodee. He caught her glance and began instantly to display *his* plumage. Krumm glared hostilely down at him and uttered a harsh *Quarre!* meaning "Oi! Stoppit!" (Crows, like daws, are lamentably colloquial.)

But Yodee was wound up for a non-stop performance; he continued his fanning and bowing, whereupon Krumm lunged at him with a ferocious *Kra-iaouw!* meaning "Scram, you!" And Yodee did, urgently, to a neighbouring tree.

He was still there when, after a minute or two, Klatch ostentatiously left the tree and flew off in the direction of Henny Hudson's little poultry-farm. Krumm, though he had received no definite sign that his suit was approved, flapped his black wings and flew confidently with her. For some moments Yodee gazed disconsolately after them; then, in response to an impulse born of resentment, he stepped from his perch and beat hurriedly after the vanishing pair.

When just fifty yards from the hen huts, Klatch checked her flight, turned in a close circle, then dived and lit near a hawthorn hedge. Krumm fell in her wake and lit beside her. Then Yodee came down and landed a little in the rear.

Klatch and Krumm were peering intently under the hedge; and there Yodee's eye caught a glimpse of movement—of the quick, lithe length of Lelechee the stoat. And Lelechee had an egg, a Wyandotte's egg, was trundling it deftly with his snout to some secret cache about the hedge-roots.

Both Klatch and Krumm looked covetously at Lelechee's prize; then Klatch struck an attitude common to the females of her tribe at pairing time. She reclined on her tail, fluttering her wings, and at the same time called pleadingly to be fed.

But Krumm, who would have waylaid the stoat without hesitation in the open, knew, as did Klatch herself, that to dispute possession of the egg in the cramped space under the hedge was to risk catastrophe at the fangs of the stoat. So he ignored Klatch's lethal plea and contented himself with watching the stoat enviously.

But on the inexperienced and impetuous Yodee Klatch's attitude and cries had an electrifying effect. He gazed at her longingly. The dear creature wanted the egg. Well, then, that egg she would have. Impulsively he rose from the grass, sped with a whistle of wings over the wary Krumm, and hurled himself under the hedge at Lelechee.

Lightning flickered in the stoat's eyes. He spun round with a bitter little screech of fury and recoiled sharply to leap at the crow. As he did so, a needle-pointed thorn pierced the seat of his furry trousers. And at that embarrassing moment, when Lelechee could not decide at which end of himself was the trouble most urgently in need of his attention, Yodee punched a neat hole in the egg, seized the shell at the upper rim of the hole and shot back out of the hedge.

Thereupon the black and aged widow fluttered her wings more eagerly than ever, held up her beak and redoubled her cries of hunger. Yodee heard and saw, and his heart swelled with ardour and solicitude. He flapped towards her with his offering, symbol of his imperishable affection. But before he could reach her, Krumm was at him, had leapt upon him with a furious croak that meant "Drop it!" And with his mighty tusk of a beak he launched a blow intended to scatter fragments of Yodee all over the landscape.

But Yodee went over the landscape intact; and he went fast, still bearing his egg and with Krumm pounding along behind in determined pursuit. Klatch watched them go, but did not trouble to follow. The egg would return to her she knew, and she cared little which of the rivals delivered it. In his attempts to elude his swift pursuer, Yodee swerved and dodged and doubled, in vain; Krumm stuck to him as though towed on a string. In desperation, Yodee then strove by climbing steeply to out-fly his rival, but the old crow spiralled above him and made to alight on his back.

At this Yodee plunged earthward, and with Krumm driving relentlessly in his wake he levelled off and was skimming the tree-tops of a little wood when a flock of pigeons burst upward before him. There was a moment of confusion, of wild wing-beating and near-collision, then the pigeons were gone. So was Yodee.

Krumm dived into the trees in search of the vanished youngster, but failed to locate him. Then, suddenly suspicious, he returned low and fast to the point where he had left Klatch by the hedge, and he arrived just in time to see Yodee alight near the hunger-stricken widow and approach her with his hard-won token of love.

Next moment the wrathful Krumm came over the hedge with murder in his eye and flung himself upon Yodee. There was a wild scuffle, punctuated by low croaks of fury and squawks of protest and pain, while Klatch waved her wings in the offing and gurgled her yearning for egg.

Then, abruptly, Yodee abandoned his trophy and fled. He lit on the hedge-top twenty yards away and looked on miserably while the victorious Krumm picked up the relinquished egg and placed it with pride at Klatch's feet. He saw the ravening widow shed her mendicant attitude, become immediately businesslike, and with vanishing hope he watched her split the egg open and guzzle the slimy contents under Krumm's approving eye.

And now Yodee ranges the countryside in search of some other mate. Occasionally he meets Krumm, for he, too, seeks a wife. The egg that Klatch devoured had been cunningly prepared by Henny Hudson for Lelechee the stoat's especial benefit. It was doped with strychnine.

THE END.

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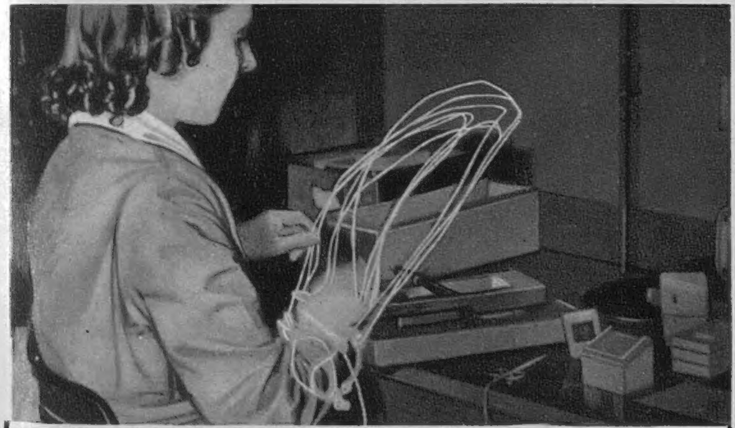

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CVS-28

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Photographs by Conolly.

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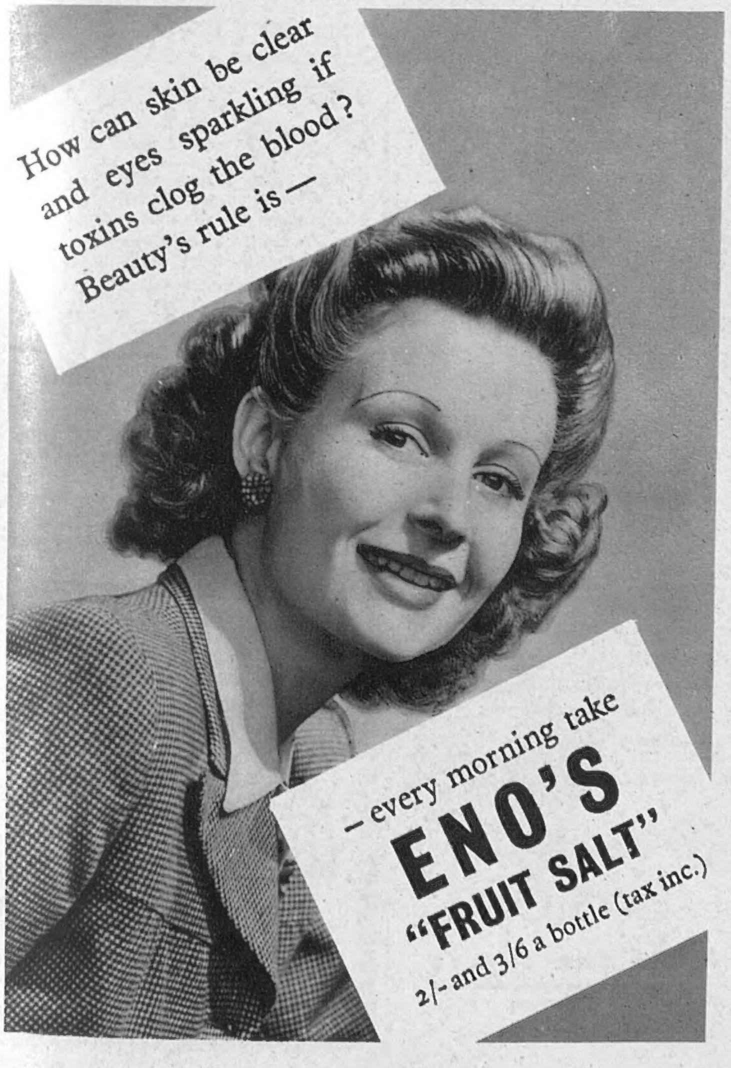

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Dear Hawkins,

I am now in Cairo for a short spot of leave and spending some time in the Club where I sit on my shoulder blades in a long low chair, smoke cheroots and sip tall glasses of Rose's Lime Juice, nobly iced. Quite a change after months of tepid chlorinated water.

How are things going with you? I notice from the snap you enclosed that you have lost a certain amount of weight amidships. Or is that the effect of the Home Guard Uniform?

We shall have to do something about your periphery after the war, for a streamlined Hawkins is as unnatural as a fat winner of the Waterloo Cup.

I met the Colonel in Shepheard's two days ago. You will remember that he stayed with us in 1937. He was a major at the time. He asked after you, and has also invited himself to come down for a week-end after the war. You might start planning the festivities forthwith, not overlooking the Rose's. I'm off for a swim. Best wishes.

Very sincerely,

G. de St. Gr.

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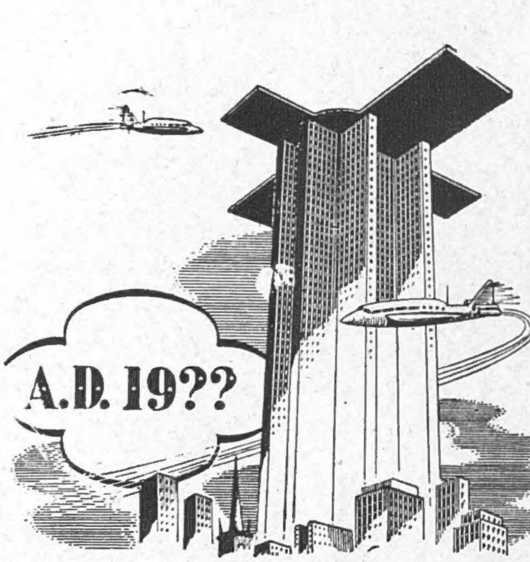

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